Poems (drafts)

- Brian Edwards

Hear you not
the wailing wind
the wailing
the wailing
an omen
a prophecy
what does it mean
let us go
to the pub
to the sanctuary
of the pub
the comfort
of our beer
let us fear not
the wailing wind
as we drink
and sing
with much cheer

***

- 4/12/2026

Where are
the wings
that once
made us fly
have they
fallen to Earth
like Icarus
from the sky
I believe
that they did
I believe
this is so
now our wings
are like
tumbleweed
in the wind
across the desert
they go

***

- 4/12/2026

Quiet
city streets
in an early hour
someone close by
is imagining
the flower
of Nirvana
yet too much
realization
can make one
a crazy fool
the city streets
are quiet
most fools
around here
are asleep
the world shall
move on
further and
further
from the light
of grace

***

- 4/12/2026

O' do the stars
brightly shine
above this
Jersey town
in the current
of time
and I
a marooned one
marooned among
all the world

***

- 4/13/2026

To navigate
this foggy sea
one must hear
the ship's bell
that sounds across
a century

***

- 4/13/2026

The song
of a dove
the song
of a shattered
love
an empire
of grifters
and more
than a few
highway drifters
here we are
in this
moment
in time
good wine
can be expensive
cheap wine
will suffice
it'll do the job
and get you
blazing

***

- 4/13/2026

With the Moon
glowing
with the stars
shining
with the wine
flowing
in some
fancy place
far from where
I am tonight

***

- 4/13/2026

I am of places
you cannot see
beyond the dawn
in your
cities of noise
in your world
of biplane engines
those oil refineries
of tomorrow
how the oligarchs
wish to
possess them now
I am of places
beyond
these other places
I am of places
where no sound
of civilization
is ever heard

***

- 4/13/2026

Across the ocean
your memory
found me
through
the Pillars
of Hercules
beyond the Azores
you found me there
half beyond
the world
half beyond
the outskirts
of Hades
half beyond
Wichita
and Paris
Rome and
the Temple
of Artemis
across the sea
you looked
and you saw me
in a rowboat
rowing along
in the clouds

***

- 4/13/2026

Illuminate
illuminate
we've lost
the meaning
of it now
we follow
phantom doves
into thickets
of thorns
created by
the loss
of love

***

- 4/14/2026

The world
is like
an oasis
for some
yet not all
for some
it is like
an orchid
of demise
it is like
a palm tree
in pleasant
solitude
yet only
for some
never for
us all
such is
this dance
towards
the night

***

- 4/14/2026

Drink
the hemlock
grab the asp
by the tail
follow the dove
believe in
the dragon
whatever it takes
time is
most often
not on your side
so be wise
to the false
narratives
and the
true ones
as well
for good measure

***

- 4/14/2026

They've unleashed
the bees
and the hornets
of the apocalypse
they've rambled
and babbled
and have talked
nonsense
for years
they have
fallen out
of favor
with the rest
of the world
they have created
oil fiefdoms
of the dark sky
and yet
they wonder why
we can't give them
any devotion

***

- 4/14/2026

Thrice
they have
brought us
mice
and lice
and no good
dice
telling us
that we must
be nice
outwardly
we will
pretend
to be nice
yet on
the inside
we feel
nothing nice
for those
that brought us
the no good dice

***

- 4/15/2026

A work day
is done
awaiting another
isn't fun
what if I
just pick up
and run
down that
long road west
all night
until
in the rearview
mirror
I behold
the rising Sun

***

- 4/15/2026

It is
a time of liars
a time
of warehouse
fires
a time
of a pyre
that was once
a cause
now it's all
ashes
blowing away
in the wind
here we are
from where
we were
goodnight
sweet prince
of omens

***

- 4/16/2026

The fools
keep on
fooling us
trying to get
our last dime
the pendulum
of time
swings
by night
things that are
not known
the fools
return
to their
viper dens
by night

***

- 4/16/2026

Don't go
to sea
unless
you wish
to be free
don't listen
to the sirens
their song
will be
your demise
yet if you do
I understand
sometimes
there's no
compromise
today
tomorrow
in fifty years
what does
it matter
that song
was a damn
fine song
the rest
is servitude
and bitter
silence

***

- 4/16/2026

The bad news
like spilt ink
on cloth
what are
we doing
what are we
seeing anymore
the rivers run
the rivers flow
like a fresco
by Michelangelo
we drink
we sing
we weep
we sulk
imagine
the distance
to the stars

***

- 4/16/2026

Few know
and few
have seen
the nights
of lovely
Moonbeam dreams

***

- 4/17/2026

The way
it was
the way
it is
the way
it should
have been
it isn't

***

- 4/17/2026

The day
has ended
go in peace
into the night
of weary
tired
dreamless sleep
and do it all
again tomorrow
starting
at a quarter
to nine

***

- 4/17/2026

To the west
the sky
of the twilight
looked otherworldly
between me
and the Sun
were trenches
and barbed wire
the occasional
sound
of firing
rang out
to the south
the smell
of smoke
lingered
the sky
to the west
looked like
the sky
of someplace else
I couldn't place it
yet it seemed
so inviting
calling to me
with its fiery
colors

***

- 4/17/2026

Can you
see it clear
or does the fog
obscure
your vision
it doesn't need
much precision
or mathematical
gibberish
like that
they were handed
a great big
platter of gold
they gambled
it all
now there's just
moldy bread
they won't be
cheering for long
under golden arches
that's just
some Fool's Gold

***

- 4/17/2026

Cronies
cooking
the books
all these
golden things
even golden wings
and golden tires
for the liars
and the buyers
a landscape
of oil refineries
and foul wind
shall we begin
shall we move
the boundary line
remember
the Rhine
now and ever after
your tax dollars
paid for paving
the road to Hell

***

- 4/17/2026

They don't
see it yet
they just
don't see
the possibilities
of it all yet
mornings
when disillusioned
philosophies
flow through
my thoughts
like a river
of flowing
expectation
nine million
violets
nine million
orchids
nine million
doves that are
a symbol
of peace
they just
don't see it
they are blinded
by greed
and folly
they know
very little
about
the complexity
of the whole
natural order

***

- 4/18/2026

Lets go
lets go
lets burn up
the day
like a tire fire
let us hold candles
as we walk
towards a fire
of singing light
light that sings
a very pleasant
song of truth
light that
refuses to fade
light that is like
Sunrise
in the Everglades
light that
is true
and lasting
lets go
lets go
to the valley
where the
morning wind
remembers
so much
let us hold candles
let us arrive
on sailboats
from islands afar
now in the hour
of the glowing
essence
like Sunrise
in Corinth
it is the hour
that we've
always wished for
lets go
lets go

***

- 4/18/2026

Now a new day
is here
in the time
in a place
of such
an obscure year
when is this
time
what hour
is this
it is dawn
isn't it
yes ....
looks like dawn
through what's
the year
it's twenty-five
thousand
seventy eight
years
since the great
Paris Expo

***

- 4/18/2026

Morning now
with a soft glow
in the sky
to the east
what be this stage
of air
essence
and colorful
illumination
I find it so
a thing
recognizable
as we move now
to a place where
old philosophies
are whispers
to these ears
how soon
one may loose
what they
have won
if too enraptured
they become
by illusions
of light
by illusions
of what
they behold
appearing
in the light

***

- 4/18/2026

We sing
the song
we sing
the flowers
we bring
the beer
we bring
we bring
the beer
we sometimes
move like vipers
that can sing
and though
we can sting
we sing
and we bring
the flowers
when it's spring
and the beer
we bring
and we drink
and sing
when it's spring
choosing
not to sting
we choose
to sing
the song
we sing
when it's spring

***

- 4/18/2026

For the light
was just
a momentary
light
the flashes
the flashes
a brief glimpse
of a different
world
our world
is not
the most swell
yet it's not Hell
not yet
not yet
so be a part
of the brighter
things
the way
of brighter
things
listen ... listen
do you hear
do you hear
the choir
up in the heavens

***

- 4/18/2026

It's one of those
mornings
awake yet feeling
less than awake
the skies
are grey
tomorrow
it'll probably rain
the world
spins on
lanterns glow
books are read
candles
glow as well
it's not
all dark
yet the skies
are grey
and the glow
of a candle
is lovely
we see
what we see
we hear
what we hear
this year
seems to me
just a reflection
of the last
the past
is always
with us
some don't see it
others do
it takes a bit
of vision
that is true

***

- 4/18/2026

In a time
of withered daises
and with
the memory
of fallen snow
still vivid
we shall go
into the village
we shall spend
the day
in laughter
drinking beer
forgetting
the stench
of politics
for a time

***

- 4/18/2026

Was it
the year
of the sparrow
or was it
the year
of the cardinal
memory
can become
blurry
at some point
and blend into
a sea
of lost time
what can
you do
in the face
of such things
such things
are ancient
like the longing
to speak
with something
unknown
it is
a grey
morning now
the visibility
is not wonderful
seek your solace
where you can
find it
while you can
was it the year
of the sparrow
lost time
a sea
and something
some of us
are so full
of longing

***

- 4/19/2026

The dogs
of night
running down
my street
sensing something
in the air
a hundred ways
it could all
fall apart
anyone can see
the shadow
at this point
it has grown
larger
devouring
the shadow
is an unrealized
consequence
to all that time
of blind
blasphemy
it comes back
when the dogs
of night
run down
the streets
towards
the dawn

***

- 4/19/2026

The days
blew away
like ashes
in the wind
a fallen star
at the bottom
of the sea
give us
a purpose
how can
we believe
in something
that is only
talk from
long ago
what visions
do you see
in your mind
destiny
is a wolf
an owl
and a butterfly
all in one

***

- 4/19/2026

It will all
rise again
like a dream
of many
marble pillars
many marble steps
to temples
where many hopes
remained
for a good while
yet not forever
the eyes
of the marble
statues
tell you this
it is not obvious
until it is

***

- 4/19/2026

The way
is open
the path
is true
the Sun
is golden
the leaves
are green
could this be
the eternal dream
I've been
waiting for
I believe
it is
so let us stay
in the dream
while it last

***

- 4/19/2026

And still
it went on
the meaning
of words
was being
stripped from
the words
themselves
we heard voices
on the radio
speaking of
dismal
economic things
many of us
looked to
the horizon
and felt
a cold serenity

***

- 4/19/2026

See you
see you
a thing
that will be
no I say
I see a thing
you do not see
arisen
from the
desolation
of deserts vast
what you see
will last
what I see
will last
for it is born
of a vast
desolation
what you see
is of a past
that is gone

***

- 4/19/2026

Upon this fair
spring day
in the fair valley
of the blossom
five thousand shields
five thousand swords
rusting armor
in the dawn light
a battlefield
is here claimed
by the flowers
of the morning

***

- 4/19/2026

The fields
the fields
where knights
in armor fell
in those days
when Hell became
the fields
for a time
shouts
blades
wounds
and death
Hell became
these fields
for a time
and after
the nobles
returned
to their castles
and drank
their wine

***

- 4/19/2026

Now a quiet field
where once
brave knights fell
valor and Hell
were here
entwined
as archers made
a rain of arrows
from the sky

***

- 4/19/2026

And so I went
and walked
along
the shore
in a storm
that was most
symbolic
of the age
fierce winds
clouds that
looked like
bad omens
and voices
from the storm
arose
saying this is
the fate
your age
has chosen

***

- 4/19/2026

The thorns
were sharp
yet the pain
revived something
in him
to behold
a rose
of such beauty
to offer up
a little blood
for the experience
he wondered
to himself
whether or not
it was
worth it
then he accepted
that there was
just no point
in wondering
about it

***

- 4/19/2026

If thy nihilism
be true
then wear it
like a feather
in your hat
damn all
the empty talk
mostly
by half-wits
be true
to your own
nihilism
under a sky
of bright
Hellenic
constellations
they don't
mean shit
anyway
they just
look nice
up there
even from
the nihilist
perspective

***

- 4/20/2026

Surrounded by
the dark orchid
above me
the sky is red
behold
behold
the sky
once blue
now red
when so many
things now
seem adrift
in ominous air
I shall carry on
wade through
despair
contemplate exile
banish my soul
to the isle
of Avalon
where the mist
is the essence
of time itself
and all of
these roads
lined
with dark orchids
let us now begin

***

- 4/21/2026

Let us fly
like drunken doves
to Apollo's
birdhouse
there shall we
cast teacups
at wooden
flooring
the semi-divine
will deem us
unwell
unfit
unworthy
we will
regret nothing
for we
are naives
bold
drunk
and true

***

- 4/21/2026

I shall climb
the beanstalk
of the mind
I shall pluck
a flower
from a field
of solace
I shall speak
poetry
to the swaying
tree branches
the hour
is proclaimed
by the Sundial
with all
that is
away from us
as the crows
gather
for a feast
of mockery

***

- 4/21/2026

In the desert
of all
my lost days
I wander
beneath
a scorching Sun
memories
rising up
from the sand
an oasis lies
just over
the horizon
willing to try
to make
it there
willing to
care for something
one last time
I walk
in the shadow
of my lost days
having already left
the world behind

***

- 4/21/2026

Waiting for
things to change
when they
never do
these beat up
shoes
with holes
most uncomfortable
when it rains
wet feet
makes me feel
disillusioned
abused by fate
I shake my fist
at the sky

***

-4/21/2026

Someday
I won't be
dancing
in the rain
someday
I won't be
trying
for something
in vain
someday
I won't be
climbing
up a tree
someday
I won't be
around
I'll be free

***

- 4/21/2026

With my
battle axe
I go to war
come back
get drunk
and pass out
on the floor
thus shall ends
my saga
of war

***

- 4/21/2026

Never have hope
if you know
there's no hope
don't be a dope
sure they'll
tell you
there's hope
when they've
got you
on the rope
yet their words
are not
the straight dope
so cross
a moat
go steal
a goat
do whatever
you must
just don't
have hope
for truly friend
there's simply
no hope

***

- 4/21/2026

Say what
you will
say what
you will not
brew some coffee
in the coffee pot
make it
real strong
for the day
will be long
the same
old song
we know it
very well

***

- 4/21/2026

Madness
lunacy
so abundantly
clear
now the wolves
are following me
they know
the end is near
they follow me
down to
the sparkling river
lost in
a dream of rivers
hearing
a song
of rivers
following
following
the wolves
with their
glowing
ancient eyes

***

- 4/22/2026

Soul of night
soul of wind
soul of all
the places
we've been
be a knight
be a squire
be a town drunk
be a town liar
so it is good
so it is well
thus so it is
the nature
of our
little bit
of Hell

***

- 4/22/2026

Six in
the morning
outside
the birds
are singing
loudly
I don't know
what it is
they have
to sing
so loudly about
I have to go
to work
in a couple
of hours
this does not
inspire me
to sing
if I was
off today
I might
want to sing
and there it is
I clearly see now
why the birds
are singing
so loudly

***

- 4/22/2026

Listening to
the radio stations
of the stars
on a clear night
in spring
in the Pines
in New Jersey
out here
in my
beloved solitude

***

- 4/22/2026

Fate did
yield to me
this time
how I have
believed in
all that lies
underneath
the Venetian mask
that the world
possesses
time
time and fate
destiny and fate
destiny and stars
stars and Andromeda
Andromeda
up above
and far away

***

- 4/22/2026

Thus so it is
I must go forth
into the
fearsome wind
of this world's
absurdity
laughter
and heckling
heckling
and arguing
over nothing
really
the triumph
of time
will silence
us all
as blades
of grass
sway
in the wind

***

- 4/22/2026

Listen to
the sweeter tunes
behold
what the runes
do tell
hear the
tolling bell
beyond the valley
if destiny
has a sharper
mind than all
then what is
the purpose
of all
this theater
though truthfully
heed not
think not
believe not
these scribblings
of my own hand
I was one
who in his time
gave his mind
to the wind

***

- 4/22/2026

Here we are
waiting for
sanity
to return
like a Sunrise
the painters
would love
to paint
don't disappoint
us now
lady luck
who brought me
through many
a terrible storm
of the mind
reveal to us
that horizon where
the golden light
will shine

***

- 4/22/2026

After eight hours
on the job
the mind
is a blank slate
space out
a little
go to sleep
back again
eight hours
ten
twelve
the memory
of what was
before
fades
such are
the thorns
of this world

***

- 4/22/2026

What is this
dreary land
of the false word
the false tongue
the politicians
speaking gibberish
to themselves
in the mirror

***

- 4/22/2026

How can
it be
what we see
is not
what we see
how can
it be
click thy heels
with me
and count
to three
nope
we're still here
in New Jersey

***

- 4/22/2026

Windswept city
salted
by the tears
of sorrow
a desert wind
blows fiercely
the night
approaches

***

- 4/22/2026

Once upon
an idle dream
I wandered about
an enlightened place
once so full
of brilliant
thinking
then sadly lost
to vanity
and drinking
so .... so ....
so it goes
the dream
is now fickle
and the wind blows
the fickle dream
is scattered
and is thrown about
we ponder
a moment
then go fishing
at the lake

***

- 4/23/2026

And so
we hear
the trumpet blast
the heralding
of dawn
another day
spinning on
a broken
machine
it goes
and goes
it spins
and spins
slowly
sinking into
the mud

***

- 4/23/2026

When there is
nothing
in thy heart
but for
dark wind
when silence
is all too
clearly heard
we keep marching
toward
the end of
the road
not knowing where
the road ends

***

- 4/23/2026

The windswept plains
were always
windswept
as many things
are what they
have always been
and so it is
I no longer
seek the truth
out there
on the
windswept plains
what good
is truth
to me now
the world
runs not on truth
the world runs on
bullshit stories
and bullshit
explanations
been this way
as long as
I can remember

***

- 4/23/2026

So it must be
if it must be so
in our laughter
that is
crazed laughter
in our madness
that is but
a trifle
of madness
so it must be
if it must be so
looking upon
shallowness
with our own eyes
here where
our dreams
drift up
to the Sun
and are lost
in fire
so it must be
if it must be so

***

- 4/23/2026

I haven't seen
a Sunflower
in a very
long time
yet I've seen
many parking lots
where weeds grow
through cracks
in the asphalt
memories
and observations
spinning through
this old mind
when was
the last time
you've seen
a Sunflower
do you remember

***

- 4/23/2026

Sonnets
of a truth
that is
invisible
the doves
do not
fly around here
anymore
our time
was a good time
and now
our time
is no more
by night
the ravens
gather
waiting for
our needless war

***

- 4/23/2026

Sing to thee
of thy
own dream
remember days
of a brighter sky
how it all
can become lost
in the modern haze
that almost
everything conjures
I question why
and the Universe
remains
like a silent fellow
days that now
seem to me
as dust and salt
as the ravens fly
as the old omens
resurface
in our memory
all is not
as it was
without question
fill the void
with what you
have left to give
most would
understand
if you haven't
much left
to give

***

- 4/24/2026

Subtle noises
idle winds
all I see
before us
is the
lovely sandcastle
at the approach
of high tide
for all we are
for all we were
for all we've been
no more
will I sin
no more
will I cuss
nor drink gin
the old liver
is too battered
for that
anyhow

***

- 4/24/2026

So it was
in the year
of the June-bug
with naives
at the helm
drooling for
the promise
of gold
many sold out
and many
were compromised
the most wise
remained silent
why speak
honest words
in a time
of such naives
perhaps it is best
to dream up
a better world
yet how
they will cast
stones at thee

***

- 4/24/2026

Still waiting
to behold
that place
in the valley
of dawn
I find most true
I have been
snagged away
by the demands
of our little
dystopia of utopia
the dogs of war
have been barking
yet they know
not at what
such is fate
a great cynic
once more

***

- 4/24/2026

The cauldron
tells us
what shall be
yet fools
shall still awake
at Sunrise
and venture off
towards
calamity

***

- 4/24/2026

Wandering
towards
the setting Sun
a day's end
not knowing
if we've lost
or won
and if we won
what was it
all for
tomorrow's Sun
shall tell us
nothing more

***

- 4/24/2026

No solace
is found
in this
salted ground
wisemen
they were not
those who
let it all rot
damn them
to Hades
yet they're all
in their mansions
tonight

***

- 4/24/2026

Wondering
how it could
have been so
the false illusion
appeared like
a golden dream
we the fools
drank willingly
from the chalice
of our own
rude awakening

***

- 4/24/2026

The rains fall
on my one day
free from
the drudgery
and toil
up on Mt. Olympus
they're all
drunk
and laughing

***

- 4/24/2026

Pulling the rug
out from under
our own feet
no longer
bothered much
by the hypocrites
there's too many
to be bothered
anymore
when the lantern
glows truly
we do not
glow so truly
many of us
don't glow at all
now the sea
is a preferable
world
for me
now at sea
is where I'll be

***

- 4/24/2026

An early
morning rain
a cramp
in the stomach
a memory
of distant things
floating about
the room
untouched
by gravity
morning rain
nothing
is clear
and what is clear
to us
is nothing
a little bit
of the herb
for my coffee
looking to make
the cramp
go away
looking for
the motivation
to be motivated
gravity
is at work here
yet the feather
floating about
the room
can somehow
defy it

***

- 4/25/2026

It was not even
a reflection
of the best
of times
yet we
went onward
it was all
we could do
and the
little mice
that roamed
at night
simply ignored us

***

- 4/25/2026

Back when
things were
different
that's the time
I cherish
for me
those memories
will never
completely fade
these days
the memory
of things
fades almost
as quickly
as they happen
time has
its own
masterplan
that is
little known
to us
time is waiting
beyond these walls
beyond the
mountains
beyond
the valley
of remembrance
time is out there
waiting
this very moment

***

- 4/26/2026

My life
has become
something
of a fog
vision obscured
no clear
boundaries
defined
no path forward
is even visible
yesterday's destiny
and tomorrow's
are out there
yet I do not
see them
fog is the form
that best
represents
the formless nature
of my life
I have reduced
my physical
presence
in this world
and have given
more and more
of my own form
to the fog
now I finally
see at last
vision is not
obscured
obscurity
is the greater
vision

***

- 4/26/2026

And so I walk
upon
the fallen leaves
and so I enter
mysterious
contemplation
and so
my imaginings
drift upward
towards
the treetops
and so here
I find
some of what
I have
long sought
and so it is
I know
that the truth
resides
in a house
of mirrors
just up ahead
down this
long dirt road
and so I walk
upon
the fallen leaves

***

- 4/26/2026

Will there ever
be a day
when I look
outside
and only see
serenity
I wish to know
and so I seek
and so
I carry on
down the
long road
of the
passing years
will there ever
be a day
when I look
around
and only see
the fruits
of wisdom
and philosophy
old man time
tell me so
shall it be
shall it be
for us all
serenity
for us all
old man time
tell us so

***

- 4/26/2026

We know
what we know
we go
where we go
we love
to watch
the river flow
it reminds us
about the
impermanence
of all things
and that's
just how
contemplating
goes sometimes
some of us
withdraw
into a sanctuary
of beer

***

- 4/26/2026

Moving on
into
the illumination
of the morning
I go forth
down the road
that leads
to the future
then to behold
the Sun rising
over the valley
of tomorrow's
dreamers
moving on
moving on
all we can do
is keep
moving on
for the night
has now ended

***

- 4/26/2026